Burlesque

A

SERMON

PREACHED BY

Fryer JOHN,

Curate of COLIGNAC

IN

FRANCE.

UPON THE

FEAST of EPIPHANIE,

Commonly called

Twelfth-Day.

LONDON,

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A SERMON.

Christian Sheep,

WE Celebrate to day a great Gospel: But before we speak any thing concerning it, we will treat of three things: The First you understand, and I understand it not: The Second I understand, and you understand, it not: And the Third neither you nor I understand. The First, that you understand, and I understand not, is, That you understand that I should put away my Maid, and I understand it not. The Second thing, that I understand, and you understand not, is, That you make better Payment of your Tyths for the future, than you have done yet, and you understand it not. And lastly, that which neither you nor I understand, is, The Gospel of the Day: for which Reason we will let it alone; notwithstanding the Holy Day is so great, that we must say something concerning it. By'r Lady, 'tis that great St. *Epiphania*, Virgin and Martyr, Mother of three Kings, who died in Travel of her first Child. But lest some Devil should come and jumble our understanding, let us beseech the *H. G.* (look ye, 'tis that pretty White Pigeon which you see upon the Top of our Altar) Let us beg of him, I say, that he would suffer all my Noise, and he will do it (for he is a good Person) so it be by the intercession of the *B. V.* whom we are about to salute, as the Angel saluted her: But truly 'tis not the Angel of the Crucifix there, that I mean, by my Life, that little Knave, that he is; he fell upon my Head the other day; and howsoever I make a shew to him, I am none of his Well-wishers: His Companion the Angel *Gabriel* was not so mischievous as he; he went always after his Break-fast, as we do now, to say his *Ave Maria* to the *B. V.* &c.

Well then, the Three Kings were all great Saints: But why, my Christian Flock, were these Kings, that had more Bushels of Pistols than *William* the Rich hath Carolus's, such great Saints? The Reason's this, They came not empty handed when they came to visit our Saviour; for the first brought — he brought — But by the way concerning Bringing. You Gentlemen *Milk-sops*, the first that brings but a Farthing to the Offering (as that great Masty did the last Sunday (whom yet I will not name, because of giving scandal)

scandal) By my Faith I'll maul his Jaws with my Trencher. That would be fine indeed! Do you think that I, who represent Gods Person upon Earth, and am his Vicar in this Parish, will stand two hours by the Clock, fixt to the Ground like a Post, and will wipe your Chops with my Plate, for a piece of Brass Money, and that wholly defaced? And to shew you I speak not by roote, look you here it is one that no Man knows whether it bears the Face of God or Antichrist: If you had put this piece into the Chest for the Reparation of the Church, it might have pass'd; but to design it for your Curate, I cannot bear it; for I am bound in Conscience to maintain the Cause of God. It were better that you made not such haste to mend your broken Bell; 'tis sufficient we then mend it when we are better able; the Parish is not of so great Revenues and besides, there is but too much noise already, for so little Wooll; but in case you were willing to do your Christian Duty, are there not still two remaining, which teach you daily what you ought to do? Do not you hear that they sound daily in your Ears, *Don, Don, Don*? By that they would make you understand that you ought to multiply your gifts to your Curate. Notwithstanding, if you will give any thing towards the Reparation of the Church, you will find my Maid at the Market on Saturday next; give her what she shall ask of you, and I trust in the infinite Mercy of God, that he will pardon all those Faults that your abominable Covetousness made you guilty of.

The Offering is a Sacrament, without which 'tis as impossible for you to enter into Paradise, as for a Cammel to go thorow the Eye of a Needle. You may laugh if you will, 'tis the Scrip. hath said it and not I: And for once more mend the Chief Altar; for in truth, what a shameful thing is it to see that all the Saints in our Church are not worth a Devil? And seriously, I am glad that an occasion is presented to speak of your St. *Michael*: There is a necessity that you cause a new one to be made: Speak two words to your Purses, for as for mine, some Witch of this Village hath charmed it long since, and so tied it up, it will not open. — But hold, let me not go from my Text. I'll tell you then, that as for the Devil that is under Mr. St. *Michael*, he is not yet so contemptible, but St. *Michael* himself is worth nothing; from the Head to the Foot you have worn him out with sticking Wax-candles upon him. In the mean time you ought to offer to his Dragon; for tho' *Lucifer* be a meer Devil, yet 'tis good to make friends both in Paradise and in Hell, one knows not what may become of one. — Yet once more (my dear Parishioners) I have told you an hundred times, and will tell you an hundred more, That the greatest mark of Reprobation, that an unhappy Wretch can arrive to in this World, is for a Man not to pay his Tyths to his Curate. Look upon *Cain*. What was the reason he

was curs'd of God; t'was not for killing his Brother *Abel*, no truly there was another reason for it, it was for nimming the Sheaf of Corn that he cow'd to God: God took notice of it, and would not reproach him to his Face, for that you know had not been handsome; but he suffered his Brother *Abel* to raise a Dutch Quarrel with him: *Cain*, that was no Phlegmatick Fellow, took him o'r the Chaps; *Abel* he returns it; so in the scuffle little *Abel*, who was as yet but a snotty-nos'd Boy, received a Whirret under the Ear with the Jaw Bone of an Ass (my dear Auditors) which chin'd him down the Back.

Where am I now, my faithful Flock? Hold, yes, no, by G. but 'tis — O Lord God, what running from a Cock to a Bull? Instead of treating of the three Kings, I talk of Tyths; but 'tis *John Le Gave* that's the cause of it, that never brings me his without Grumbling, as well as *Jaquelina Moreaux*, who never fills my Nephews Bottles, but with dead Wine, and then not brim-full neither. Is this the way, think you, to say Mass with any Courage?

But let us return to our Kings — The Scr. says in expressa terms, *Attulerant Aurum — Myrrham, &c.* Thus they brought: The first brought Gold — Myrrhe, the second Incense; the third brought — brought — but to the business of bringing, I would fain know why my Gossip *Niquet* hath not brought me a Cake upon Twelf-day; I'll speak it to his Teeth, I have taken Bread of him all the year; and this *Sarcon* will not bring me a Cake. Where are you Gossip *Niquet*? He is like *John Nivill's* Dog, the more you call him, the farther he runs from you. Go, go, you Cur of a Vagabond; Come on Sunday next to the Sermon, I'll give you Roast-meat. See now (my Christian Flock) if such as these care either for God or the Mass — But let us return to our Kings: The second brought Incense, and the third brought — brought — But hark you, Pr. *Landais*, go and tell my Maid that she takes heed she burns not those Larks at the Fire, for by the Faith of a Priest if she doth, she shall eat them her self. But I am too tedious; let us look back to our Kings: The first brought Gold, Myrrhe, the second brought Incense, and the third brought — brought — Hold, you Glazier, that look me in the Face, cast your Eyes upon the Chief Altar, where you see those three Kings placed there, that little Old Man, with a long shagged Beard there, was he that brought Gold — Myrrhe, he of the other side brought Incense: and that Moor that hath defam'd my Memory, brought — brought — brought — But some will say, What did he bring then? He brought a Turd in your Mouth, you Rascal: Is it for you to enquire after the Mysteries of the Gospel? So that this Moor brought — he brought — Ha, my Parishioners, I have found it, he brought nothing, for which cause God Excommunicated him, and he became Black as you see him: And so, my Villains,

if

if you come to the Offering empty-handed, I swear to you by St. *John*, that I will have ready behind the Chief Altar a Pot of Blacking, with which I'll dress you as God did the Moor. But God is good, and so am I. See then that you come in good numbers, and spit plentifully in the Bason: and for the rest, whersoever you fail in other Duties, I'll pull my Hat in my Eyes, and see nothing: But this Vain Glory, this Pride, will draw you Head-long into the Bottomless Pit; you will not come to the Offering because such a one, or such a one took place of you, and went before you: Go, I'll tell you, If any one shall be so bold as to go before him that shall promise to offer a Quardecue, by my Faith I'll break his Jaws with my Plate. As for the Women, they are more zealous at the Offering; but for the Men, as soon as three or four have paiss'd, you'd swear there were none left to make 'um a Tayle.

The other day I happned to read a fine Treatise in *Genesis*, and 'tis concerning that pride that will sink you all to the pit, if you take not good heed. *Lucifer*, that was the fairest of all the Angels, became so presumptuous — yes, I remember that he became so presumptuous; but, by my Faith, I have quite forgot what followed, notwithstanding there were very fine things that pass'd thereupon; however, it is to shew you, that Haughtiness is always accompanied with pride. My dear Mother, (to whom God grant a long life,) preach'd often this Lesson to my little Brother and I; but I had a younger Brother was as untoward as an *Avignon Jew*. You speak of pride; he would suffer no body but himself to Chime the Bells upon the day of the Dedication, as I remember it still, as if I were there; that you should as soon have hang'd him, as get the Bells out of his hands all the time of the Procession---

But to the purpose, We have many other Holy days this Month: First we have Madam St. *Reine*, that Cures the Itch; you will have it on Monday: Then you will have that Holy day that is like a Reed---Hold, I have it, it is the Holy Cross. You will have likewise----Ha, who hath put me in this pretty Beast Saint *Simon* and *Judas*? By'r Lady, yes, Saint *Simon* and Saint *Judas*, 'Tis in my Breviary: I know not what we shall do (my dear parishioners) in this Affair; Nevertheless, if you will follow my Counsel, we will keep it Holy day till 12 at Noon, for Saint *Simon*; and as for *Judas*, that Redhead Fellow, let him scratch his breech in the Sun: & if we should keep no Holy day neither for one nor the other, it would be no great matter; for it is to be presum'd that *Simon* was not much better than *Judas*, since he was so ill coupled. Besides these, you have the four Brothers, who became Saints by Fasting; these are the four Seasons. I know not whether that which I am about to tell you be not Apochryphal, but I have heard a Curate

of

of this Province say, that amongst our Reliques we have the little finger of the youngest Brother of the four Sons. We have farther the first Sunday of the Month, you shall have it on Friday, I had a mind to say something to you of it, because it comes very oft; but I cannot find his Life in my Legend. *Item*, you will have Saint *Sot* in *January*, he must certainly have been a *Martyr*, because he is in Red Letters. These are apparently all the Holy days that will hinder us from working. The rest of my Exhortation shall only consist of some wholesome advice; and in the first place I admonish you to pay your Tythes better than yet you have done, to come oftner to the Offering, and the Sermon, and not to take Example of *Master in Mass*, that mocks, and says he comes not, because he knows before-hand what I shall say: But do but consider, this Rascal, how can he know that which I know not my self? Doth he know the story in my Bible? There is not a more infallible Mark in the World of people's Reprobation, than when they scandalize their Curate. Yes, *Jacqueline Lambert* said, that I had bragg'd I knew from good hands, that the great *Divine* had had a Child, but he lied, I never said it: and besides, I should have been a knave if I had, for the poor Wench told it me at Confession. But if I should have said the like with the Curate of *Beauval*—notwithstanding I shall forbear; for then 'tis like she would be so silly as to come no more to Confession. Ha, I speak it seriously with all my heart, I would willingly, methinks, put a cornered Cap upon the head of that Hugonot her Husband: 'Tis that Devil that teaches her all her wickedness. If I had been *Pope*, I would have suffer'd the *Hugonots* to have dwelt where they pleas'd, provided they lived not in my Parish, & should have made a hundred other Laws of that Nature: But there was one chosen th'other day, and I might as well have been Chosen in his stead; but, to its great loss, the Church would not: yet I see, that if you pay not your Tythes better, I shall at last be oblig'd to leave this World, and go to *Rome* for a Cardinals Cap.

But to our purpose, I must tell you, that *Master in Pollard* thought he had vexed me shrewdly, when he told it up and down, that I had said three Masses in one day. If I say one in a day, I do well; if I say 3, I do twice as well. But look ye, these people have no more Devotion either for Tythes or Offerings than an Atheist: Nay they will not so much as go to a Procession about the Town. Be sure you fail not to come; I shall be in Saint *Denis Porch* by Eight of the Clock too Morrow Morning: but let none presume to come thither, that is not resolved to give me a penny for each farthing Candle he receives from me; and then the least you can give for the Benediction, is a *Carolus*, and that *Carolus* must not hinder the penny for Confession. Do you think I will stay there two Hours by the Clock, in my great

great Chair with Arms, for the love of your fair Eyes? No, no, my dear Auditors, of nothing comes nothing. When I send my Bands to the Laundress, they cost me at least two farthings; and when I have rendred your Consciences three times cleaner than my Bands, I shall be paid with a God help you. What a sottish thing is this, and of you chiefly, who no more say your *Pater Noster*, than a Company of Heathens; and of you that are the cause, for your Sacrilegious Offerings, and Execrable Tythes, that our Saviour comes no more amongst us in the World? 'Tis a thing I thought much of the other day, while I compos'd this Sermon; for since he hath once come already, he may well come a second time. Yet consider, my dear flock, if he should come, where should he be lodg'd? It would not be with any of you, for you eat nothing but Bacon, and the *Jews* never eat any; neither would it be at the Castle, for that would be the House of *Pilate*, Where then should he lodge, but in my Viccaridge? Well, well, let him come if he please; he is good, and knows how to carry himself: but I wi l lay my Ears to a farthing, that if he comes not, 'Tis long of these Dog *Huguenots*, that mock at our Reliques: However ours are not like the Curates of *Farigueux*, that hath made an Arme of Saint *Stephen* of a Bone of fresh pork: Amongst ours there are the finest things in the World; First, the Tooth of the real Cross, two Sighs of Saint *John Baptist*, a piece of *Joseph's Haunch*, the Shadow of Saint *Peter*, the Cod-piece of *Lazarus*, the Spittle of *Mary Magdalen*, a piece of the Cord that *Judas* Hang'd himself in, one of the Shoes of Saint *Paul's* Horse, half a pack of Cards that *Cain* ordinarily carried in this pocket, one of the Queen of *Sheba's*, Garters, a Plaister that was upon one of *Job's* Ulcers, a piece of the paring of the Apple that *Adam* eat, some of *Pilate's* Urine, some of the Milk of the 11000 Virgins, and a Thousand other excellent things. For all this I am told, that Mrs. *Mopse*, forsooth laughs at these things: Well, you Devils Whore, mock on; the Devil will have his turn to mock you one of these days. I'll tell you, th' other day she was playing at Kittle-pins with the Boys (Ah my God) why was not I there? I would have Kittle-pinn'd her as well as the rest of them that immitate the *Tolouse* Ladies, that refuse to come to the Sermon, and say 'tis too long. Go you Beasts, now you are in your Beds, and you find it too long: How now! I shall be two Hours by the Clock in my Chair of Truth, playing the fool, whil'st you are in your Beds, with your Legs stretch'd out: Ah, you Wagtails, were I but with you, I would make you raise your Lazie Bums, and come to the Sermon. You think to expiate all this for a pair of Carolusses; you are afraid of breaking your Knees at your prayers, and had rather read a Comedy or Romance, than come to Vespers; and when your Curate reproves you, you laugh at him: As soon as you perceive

ceive me coming to your house, you hide your selves, and lock up your prophane Books; but I have no sooner turn'd my Buttocks, but your Nose is in them: In fine, you think much to give Ten pence for a good Mass with all it's Furniture. All this while our Saviour says nothing, but he thinks the more; he watches for your stumblings, and when you will demand anything of him, he will answer you, Ha, my Churlish Gossip, go, you rascally Pinch penny. Look you for Example: There is *Jaquiline L' Eri*, ought not she to pay an Obsecro every day, for that fortunate Match of her Daughter with *Rich William*, and pray in this manner; *Lord, thou knowest that* Rich William *hath married my Daughter, and that he loves her not, and perchance you know it not, I am bold to instruct you: Compel him to love her, and if that come to pass, by St.* John, *I swear to recompence it?* If you knew but how he loves Religious and Devout Prayers of this sort, you would certainly be astonished. Well then, I have no more to say to you but this: If after all the Care and Pains I take with you, to make you pay your Tythes, and come to the Offering, for his Glory, and the quieting of my Conscience; you find that I do not do my Christian Duty, beseech your Patron, and thus entreat him: *Our Patron, our Curate Mr.* John *is a good Man; and if the Wicked scandalize him, you ought not to credit them; for whil'st an indispensible Necessity keeps us Labouring in the Field, far from our dear Wives and Children, he is ever watching that opportunity to prick them forward to Devotion, and pushing them on to some good Exercise.* Thus you ought to take my part: We must not be bashful in assisting each other. The Gate of Paradise is so strait, that every one must be squeez'd together that enters there: I refer my self to St. *Paul*, if he was not compelled to tumble from his Horse, though a great Halberdier as he was, and yet he was found too big by the Head. But it is time to finish (my dear Parishioners) I have nothing more to say to you, but only to recommend Monsier and Madam *Colignac* to your Prayers, and for them 'tis out of Devotion; but chiefly and principally, before all others, for the Wife of *Sampson Le Balaser*, that so kindly presented me with a Dish of Fresh Butter the other day: By G-- it was the loveliest that ever Eye beheld. She will go all alone into Paradise, and you to a thousand Devils. Hark my Parishioners the Clock strikes: God send you all thither. *Amen*

FINIS.